A seng of the resping line.
Of the facet days of the year:
A seng of the grain and the well filled wain,
And the heating time that a room.
Buty's hey, for a merry roomp
In the brown old fields and value!
And he, for the mead where the cattle feed!
And he, for the mead where the cattle feed!
And he, for the automy gales!
A heat through the tall, dim woods
For the fruit of the cak and vire.
A peep at the nead of the lest re-breast
And a call where the chipmonius dise.
A mile in the morning skiles.
And a lough in the eigenmuchs dise.
And a lough in the eigenmuch that flow
As they share their joy with the girl and boy
That today may a rambling gra.

—Frank Walcott Hutt in St. Nicholas.

WHAT THE GRAND DUKE HEARD.

Officers Discussed the Capture of American Cities. The Grand Duke Alexis was at Kiel. He is a full Russian admiral now, and the head of the Russian navy. He was a frequent visitor to the Americans, and, like all the other notables, talked with

the utmost frankness to our officers.

One day, watching the Columbia as she rode the waves as lightly and with the easy grace of a blue wing teal, the grand duke said to a captain: "I'm glad you Americans are rebuilding your fleet. Do you know what most impressed me when I visited your country? Let me tell you. The first thing was your wonderful national wealth; the second, the absolutely inadequate means at your disposal for national defense. You were like a drunken man with pockets full of money and two or three hungry ruffians on the dark side of the street waiting a chance to attack him."

"Why, do you mean to say"- began the somewhat startled captain, when the Russian put his hand on the other's arm and said: "Twice in my career I have heard the project of capturing one or two of your great cities and holding them for rausom deliberately discussed by officers of European fleets whose countries had hard work to make ends meet. And they meant it too. I once made a sensation when, after listening to a conversation of this kind, in which the officers of four different fleets took part, I said: 'Gentlemen, the United States and Russia are friends. Should she be unjustly attacked, Russia would help to see that the wrong was righted.' Ab, I can't tell you where or who it was. Come over to the Kurik [the Russian flagship] and have a glass of wine."

—Washington Post,

The Faust Legend.

Almost every renowned man of antiquity in the middle ages was believed to be attended by a spiritus familiaris, and not a few were suspected of being in direct league with the devil. Probably the oldest legend of which the Faust legend is a continuous thread is that of Simon Magus, mentioned in the history of the apostles.

According to Justin, he was a native Gitton, a village in Samaria. He as, no doubt, a man of great intellectual powers. He was the father of the school of the Gnostics. It is also reported of him that he could make himself invisible, that he could pass through flames tharmed, could transpose matmkangold and exercise demons-in fact, he laid claim to all these powers and his name lived in the mouths of the people as a sort of Demiurg through many centuries until some other miracle working personality took his place at the popular fireside. Unusual accomplishments, great erudition, were attributed to the supernatural influence, neral disposition to superstitions assumption was strengthened on old merchant's deak with another rethe one hand by dogmatic affirmation on the part of the church of the existence of a personal satan, with his numerous household, and, on the other hand, by incorporating the magic arts among the practical sciences, of which astrology and alchemy occupied no mean

The presence of mind of a certain well known actor was always very remarkable, but was never put to so sewere a test as on the following occasion While acting the part of a pirate chief he was being conveyed in a vessel across said nothing. At last he gravely rethe stage with his band of brigands on deck beside him. said nothing. At last he gravely remarked, "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter gonsider yourself dead."—Business

One of the supers, whose duty it was to work the waves under large sheets of gause, was so unfortunate as to put his head through the gause and to appear standing in the middle of the mimic sea before the full view of the audience.

The actor on the vessel, without los ing his presence of mind, called out, "A man overboard?" and the astonished super was hauled upon deck by the pirates amid the applanes of the spectators, who imagined it was a part of the play.—London Spectator.

Ineculation For Yellow Fever. At the meeting of the American Publie Health association at Denver, Dr. Manuel Garmona y Valle of Mexico read a description of his discovery of a curtain cure for yellow fever, which he has used successfully in hundreds of cases. His method is to make a subcutaneous injection in the cellular tissue of the arm of a secretion taken from a yellow fever patient between the fourth and fourteenth days of the fever. This

smallpox is guarded against by vaccina-tion.—Baltimore Sun. Poverty is very terrible, and some-times kills the very soul within us, but it is the north wind that lashes men into vikings; it is the soft, luscious south wind which lulls them to lotus

effects a cure, but the disease can be

dreams. - Ouida.

A Woman Helped. There was a discussion recently in the Scranton (Pa.) Truth regarding the inventor of the cotton gin. The Truth quotes the testimony of Professor J. Colton Bynes of Heorgia, given some time since in the Boston Woman's Jour-nal, as conclusive that the honor of the invention justly belongs to Mrs. Catherine Greens. It was Eli Whitney who invented the first model of the cotton gin, while a totor in Mrs. Greene's family. But it would not work until Mrs. Greene invented an additional appliance. It was she who made it a practical suc-

CRACKERS FOUND ALL OVER. Wandsvers of the Tythe In the West and

"You'll find crackers in other parts of the country than the south," said the tall, grimled sea captain like mun at the "I've seen them in every landyes, and on Long Island. I take it the cracker belongs to a class by himself. The crackers, all the way from the foothills of the Alleghantes in Lancaster county, Pa., to the mountains of Georgia, are, as I take it, the descendants of men from the north of Ireland. Some of them reached this state from Canada and went south by way of the old Cherry Valley turnpike into Peansylvania and thence into Maryland and Virginia They are the best of the eracker tribe They still have some of the religion they started with and a remnant of en

ergy.
"You find a southern or western eracker now and then with a good New England name. There was an early New England emigration to the south. I met out in the mountains of Missouri a cracker who was a direct descendant of the old provincial governor of Massa-chusetts, Endicott. He bore the family name and had a trace of the New Englander in his face, though he could neither read nor write. He had, however, his grandfather's diploma from Harvard college. The grandfather had removed to North Carolina, and part or parhaps all of the family had drifted west and finally reached Missouri. The crackers had a way of traveling along the mountain valleys from state to state, and a good many went into Tennessee and Georgia,"—New York Sun.

The Melon Didn't Count. The memoirs of General Marbot upon the first French empire relate that, on the occasion of a very formal distribution of rewards made by Napoleon before Ratisbon, an old grenadier came forward and demanded somewhat sharply, to the astonishment of all, a cross of the Legion of Honor.

"But what have you done?" said Na-

"Why, sire," said the soldier, "it was I who, in the desert of Yafa, when it was terribly bot and you were parched with thirst, brought you a watermelon."

"Thank you," said Napoleon, "but a watermelon for a general is not worth a cross of the Legion of Honor."

The granadier flew into a violent rage. "Well, then," he shouted, "I suppose that the seven wounds that I got at Arcola and at Lodi and at Austerlitz and at Friedland go for nothing, ch? My 11 campaigns in Italy, in Egypt, in An Austria, in Prussia, and in Poland you don't count I suppose?"
"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed the em-

peror. "How you do get excited when you come to the essential point of the whole matter! I make you now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for you wounds and your campaigns, but don't tell me any more about your watermel-

John's Demise

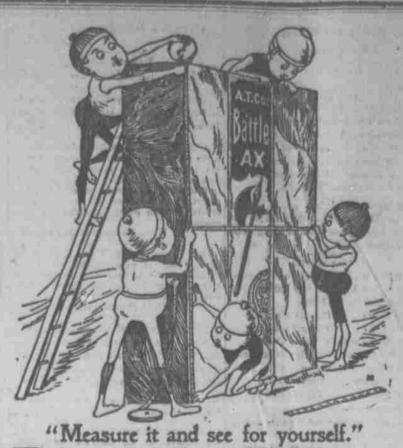
Mr. L., a good natured German, was the prosperous proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cashboy to head clerk and who had for many years been an attache of the store. Since his promotion John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the quest for an increase of \$10 per month. 'Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you pooty vell slretty. Vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John confidently, "I am your principal help here. I have worked you up to a large trade. I know every detail of the business, and indeed I think you could not get along without me." "Is dot to!" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott, Shon, vot vood I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then." The old man took several whiffs from his big pipe and

In the opinion of Professor Asaph Hall, as recently expressed, the problem of the physical constitution of the moon is one that yet remains to be solved. Of the "craters," scattered all over her surface, the volcanic theory of formation fails, he thinks, to be satisfactory. An-other notion to which he refers is that, by the impact of a huge moonlet, 90 miles in diameter, which, in striking, was raised to such a high temperature as to melt its substance. An immense hole or crater being formed where it struck, the molten material of the moonlet spread in every direction for a vast distance, partly filling up other craters; fragments flew to distances of a thousand miles, scoring out deep furrows, one of the latter, as now seen, being 187 miles long, 10 to 25 miles broad, and guarded against in this way, just as with a depth of 11,000 feet.

Sir Henry Personby. The London Globe tells a story illustrating the happy way to which the late Sir Henry Ponsonby parried indiscreet questions. "Is it true," asked a German journalist, who was being shown over the Indian room at Osborne, "that Princess —— is to be married to Prince —— ?" Bir Henry eyed the correspondent curiously, and, with a quiet smile replied, "I have not seen the engagement announced." "But," urged the Tenton, "I have heard it on excellent sutherity." "In that case, " replied Sir Henry, with crushing civility, "you have no need of further information on the subject."

There is a false modesty, which is vanity; a false glory, which is levity; a false grandeur, which is meanness; a false virtue, which is hypocrisy, and a false wisdom, which is prudery.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.



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The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

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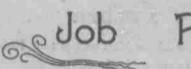


sges ago, the moon was surrounded by swarms of "moonlets," which eventually were precipitated upon the moon's surface, forming the craters now seen.

Thus, the Mare Imbrium was created Bring Good Results,



paper in Grant County. Its news columns always contain the A FORTUNG IN PRIZES latest items of interest of a local and general character. \$6,141.75



A brouse statue of a catamount on a granite pedestal is soon to be erected to mark the sits of the old tavern at Bennington, Vt., in which were held the consucils of military and state offices in Reynolutionary days. The tavern at that sinus had a swinging signboard, on which was painted a catamorus, to indicate definite the first sinus had a swinging signboard, on which was painted a catamorus, to indicate definite to the British lion. The finn was for this reason known as the Catamorus tavers.

Mrs. Hamilton, Cambridge, Illa. eays:
I had the rheumatism so bad I could not raise my hand to my head. Ballard's Bnow Liniment bias entirely cured me.
I take pleasure in informing my neighbors of the southwest. Our prices one. Chas. Handley, clerk for Lay & Lyman, Kewanee Illa, advises us Snow kinded was painted a catamorus, to indicate definite to the British lion. The finn was for this reason known as the Catamorus tavers.

Out of the rheumatism so bad I could not raise my hand to my head. Ballard's Bnow Liniment bias entirely cured me.
I take pleasure in informing my neighbors one. Chas. Handley, clerk for Lay & Lay & Lyman, Kewanee Illa, advises us Snow kinded and the rheumatism was a could be councilly out the southwest.

Our prices are as low as first-class work will permit. Send in your orders.

Catamorant tavers.

Our prices are as low as first-class work will permit. Send in your orders.

Our prices are as low as first-class will permit. Send in your orders.

The wild goes, Sying in the night, behold Our sanion towns its underweath a sea Which imoys them on its billows.

LITTLE KENTUCKY.

Little Kentucky, as it might be dabbed very appropriately, is located opposite Island No. 10, where Kentucky and Tennessee meet. The river, by gradually cutting out the Kentucky bank, had wern off a parrow strip of land, until one bright morning one bright morning several people who lived on this side of the line woke up to find themselves on the other side. In other words, the swift current had washed away the neck of earth which made the extreme southwestern corner of this state a part of the commonwealth of Kentucky. The section of territory thus separated from its parent, as it were, is ten miles long and five miles wide-quite a good mouthful to take in at one bite, even for the greedy Missis-

Every well posted river man and every person who is acquainted with the geography and topography of this state will understand how such a thing could happen. Right at the state line the river forms a loop about ten miles long. The loop extends up into Fulton county. The swift stream has simply drawn this noose tight and formed an island out of what was formerly a peninsula. Hickman is the closest town of any size to the place where all this landmaking ocourred. Daruell, a little hamlet over in Obion county, Tenn., is quite near the

The boundary line between Kentucky and Tennessee has always been rather complicated down about Island No. 10, owing to the peculiar bend in the Mississippi mentioned above. The lakes, bayons and sloughs which bisect that corner of Fulton county in all directions also serve to mix matters. The biting off of such a large strip of soil will add to the general confesion, and the question may arise as to whether Little Kentucky will hereafter belong to the domain of the Volunteer State or still be a part and parcel of the dark and bloody ground.—Paducah News.

Freeman's Scastifveness One incident of Freeman's early life preserved by Mr. Stephens is thoroughly characteristic. Before he was of age he was in love, and as soon as he reached 21 he offered marriage and was accepted. Some opposition from Freeman's own kinsfolk seemed the only hindrance to a happy union. But another was created by the sensitiveness of Free-man's own conscience. "He had ex-pectations of a sufficient income, but it was partly derived from coal mines, and the shocking disclosures recently made respecting the treatment of colliers made him doubt whether he could conmade him doubt whether he could con-scientiously draw an income from that branch of industry until the system was reformed." There we see the same temreformed." There we see the same temper at work which in later days made Freeman throw up a pleasant and lucradom has any man lived to whom the call of duty, once made clear, was more absolutely imperative, in defiance of any pleas of convenience or of usage. His action was always in purpose the em-bodiment of George Elict's fine lines:

Nay, falter not. 'Tis an assured good To seek the noblest; 'tis your only good Now you have seen it, for that higher vision Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.

-Quarterly Review. It is difficult to imagine people eating hair, but there are many, especially girls and young women, who do so, as experience proves. Doctors conducting post mortem examinations have been surprised to find a large quantity of hair in the stomach of the deceased per-

Not long ago an English medical man found as much as four pounds of hair in the stomach of a woman about 30 years old, and similar cases have been officially reported from various parts of the world.

Dr. Swaim lately performed an oper-ation for tumor, when, to his astonishment, the cause of complaint was a mass of hair weighing between four

and five pounds. It has the Largest Circulation of any News

In this case the patient confessed that she had contracted a habit of biting off the ends of her hair, just as some bite their finger nails.—Pearson's Weekly.

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THE WILD GEESE.

Liberty
They have, but such as those fruil barks of old
That crossed unsounded mains to search our

That crossed associated mains to march our wold.
To them the night unspeakable is free;
They have the most and stars for company;
To them no fee but the remerspiess cold.
And froth of polar currents during past,
That have been night the world's end lair of storms.

Emormous billows float July fragile forms.

Yes, those frail beings, tosting on the rest
Of wild revolving winds, feet no dismay!

The we who dread the thunder, and not they—
James H. Morse in Serbmer's Magazine.

It May fome Day Be Claimed as a Part of

The things that people see are inside of them and not autiside. No two propic see the askin Daing exactly alike. One woman may look out at a teenstiful indocape and resifulness and grandness that there is in it. Another one will look out at the manty and resifulness and grandness that there will enjoy these things half as much—mother not at all. The things that people, see are inside them. What one sees and what one suitoya depends upon the bodily condition—depends upon the health and the vitality. The sick man has pain or discomfort so impressed upon him that he has no time to think of much else. A weak man has all he cuit do to struggle for mere existence. He has no strength to me in procuring pleasure. His performances are limited by his strength. He can do only a few things. The man who is perfectly well and vigorous enjoys life to the full. The bed-ridden invalid enjoys it not at all. The man who is half sick and half well gets out of He about half what he ought to. Dr. Plerce's Golden Medical Discovery makes people well. It doesn't do it in a miraculous way. There isn't snything unwatured about it—it is the most natural thing in the world. It simply puts the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver, the bowels, in perfect order and thereby makes the blood pure and rich. It doesn't have to do anything else. Nature does all the rest. All discases live and thrive on impure blood. Keep a stream of pure, rich, red blood flowing into a diseased upot, and the discrema will not stay. A man lives on rich, pure blood, and disease dies on it. That's the difference. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich pedical Medical prints good appetite, good digestion and builds up solid, healthy flesh.

Address with so conts in one-cent stamps, to we cont of malling only, World's Dispensary at Association, huffalls, N.T. sud get a free.

Address with as cents in one-cent stamps, to be cost of mailing cuby, World's Dispensary all Association, fundials, N. Y., and get a free "She People's Medical Adviser—too pages.

The Tremer In Japan. But there is one thing to have bee noticed about Japan of late, a thing that seems to have rather escaped notice— Japan is trembling. In the glowing moment of her supreme victories, in the long hour of her almost unprecedented run of luck, does it seem more stupid or more impertinent to speak of Japan as being a-tremble? The laws of some countries hold that truth is no libel. The laws of other countries hold that truth is the greatest libel. I am uttering libel or I am not utter ing libel according to the country by whose laws I may be judged. Most emphatically I am uttering the truth. No other word so truly adjectives Jap as does the word trembling

This is the age of earthquakes. Al most daily the papers record the up-heaval of some part or other of the world. And earthquakes are becoming almost common where they used to be nearly or quite unheard of. Japan, as far as we know, always has been, and probably always will be, the stronghold of earthquakes. That inscrutable some one whom some of us call God; that in scrntable something which some of us call fate; that inscrutable some one or something of which the bravest of us, the most phlegmatic of us, the most callons of us, one and all, stand in more than wholesome dread, for uncountable centuries has seen fit and will see fit to

He Enew His Own Name.

tive connection with The Saturday Review because he disapproved of its form of the polles court came near being sent A witness in Judge Low's department eign politics. His standard of right and to jail for contempt of court for telling wrong neight sometimes be perverse, the truth. The witness was called and his judgments hastily formed, but sel-

"What is your name?" asked Prose-

outing Attorney Madden.
"I. Denau," repeated the witness.
"What's that?" demanded the judge. "L Denau," repeated the witness. The judge and prosecuting attoruey stared at each other in blank amase-

"Look here, sir," roared the judge, when he had recovered his breath. "You will not be permitted to trifle with this

"Well-er-I only know what I have always been told was my name," ex-plained the embarrassed witness. "Of course I can't swear to it, but if it is not my true name, I'd like to know it,

your honor."

"That is all any man knows of his name," declared the judge. "What have you been told was your name?" "L Denau, sir."

"You don't know? Mr. Clerk, enter "I didn't say I didn't know," hastily explained the witness. "I said my name was I. Denau—Ignatz Denau, sir."
"Oh," said the judge.
"Oh," echoed the prosecuting attorney.—San Francisco Poet.

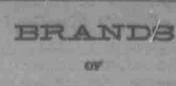
Huang Tsu-Lien, who was a returned

American student, was killed before the surrender of Wei-Hai-Wei. He was first lieutenant of the Peiyang cruiser Tsi-Yuen, having anceceded the late Shen Shou Ch'ang, another returned Ameri-can student, who was killed while com-manding the Tsi-Yuen in the first naval action of the late war at the mouth of the Yashan river, Korea, July 28, 1894, owing to the cowardies of his subse-quently decapitated captain, Fong Peh-Kien. During the fighting at Wei-Hai-Wei Lieutenant Huang Teu-Lieu was badly wounded and was therefore adbadly wounded and was therefore advised to leave his ship and go to Chefu fur for treatment. This he resolutely refused to do, declaring that "his duty to the emperor demanded his remaining at his post." After having had his wounds hastily dressed, the late lieutenant went on with his duties on board, although he had to be supported by an attendant in doing so. Shortly afterward a shot struck his thigh, but he still refused to rettre, remaining he still refused to retire, remaining with his guns. A few minutes after-ward a shell from the enemy's batteries almost annihilated the gallant officer.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

"I think," said Mr. Gratebar, "that think, and Mr. Gratebar, "that the talent for fishing, like many other talents, is a gift. No doubt the true fisherman, like the poet, is been, not made. Fishing is a faculty that can be cultivated, like many others; one can learn by rote about tackle and haits and tides and so on, but when is comes to actual contact with the fish there comes in the art of the fisherman. The fact is that some men can catch fish and some can't. I am one of those who cannot; time and again I have est in a boat alongside of men catching lots of fish and caught none or next to none. But I love to go fishing, all the same."

Mr. Gratehav on Fishing.



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Horse brand N left hip.

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